

THE OLIPHANT

NO. 127

WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

15th April, 1992

THINK ABOUT IT

He that knows little often repeats it

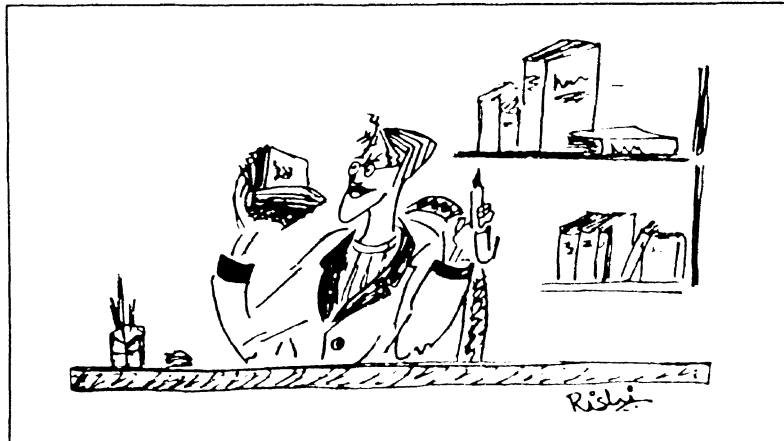
- Thomas Fuller

EDITORIAL

For Welhamites, agonised by the normal school schedule, the hospital is paradise. It gives them the opportunity to make up the precious hours of sleep they have lost and also the kilos they have shed running about.

There is one major hitch though - Admittance. One has to be really innovative and have a wild imagination to get past the only obstacle in the way - our Doctor. Dizziness means extra salt in food and lots of water. Rest is not even referred to. A headache brings a bitter Crocin and peremptory orders to march to the classes. A boy entering the hospital curled up due to stomach-ache is immediately 'uncurled' with the curt prescription 'carbonative mixture'. Only the 'feverish' few succeed in crossing the obstacle.

And the hospital manages to live up to the expectations of all the expectant inmates. In fact it surpasses them all. The comfortable doubly-padded beds send one flying into the overpowering land of dreams. Addictive as sleep is, soon the boys are found sleeping in the



afternoons and in the evenings and in the night... well - all the time.

On the rare occasions when they are awake they indulge in their next favourite past time - eating. Not even being unwell deters them from

over-eating. Welhamites and food go hand in hand. The senior boys sincerely believe the gas stove has been placed for them and have converted it into an excellent place to cook Maggi and eggs - on the sly of course, for doctor is always on the prowl. One can choose from a long list of scrumptious egg dishes - boiled eggs, omelettes, egg with Maggi or vice versa.

The hospital allows indulgence in illicit pleasures. Comics, officially banned, are smuggled in by concerned friends and avidly read by the otherwise weak patient. Books, bringing on instantaneous allergy in Welhamites, are strictly prohibited but film magazines are smoothly wheeled in and devoured by the inmates.

A star attraction of the hospital is the television. The set should have been 'retired'

long ago (badly scoping for antiqueship!) but it perseveres in showing how dedicated it is to the school, though at times the sound does go a trifle awry, the set gurgles and chokes. At other times it seems as if it is snowing heavily in the studios in New Delhi! But then a television is a television.

Getting discharged from the hospital is gloomy. Bidding farewell to it is like bidding farewell to a dear but elusive friend. Well who would not miss the television, the sleep, the comics, the music, the food, the doctor and sisters and ofcourse 'Brufen 400 2.b.d.'

- Varun Sood

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Letter to the Editor

Dear Editor,

Our Principal has always given top priority to the cleanliness of the school campus. Yet one always spots litter in every nook and cranny of the school. The main cause is our irresponsibility, especially on tuck-shop days, and some over-indulgent parents.

The only effective solution to the problem will be the active involvement of the entire Welham community in cleaning up the school campus. I propose that at least one hour per week be devoted to this task.

One must remember that the success of this venture rests entirely on the school community and its sense of responsibility

Yours truly,
Shekhar Tyagi

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Through the Keyhole

Asad Shamsi working with a spoilt pen.

Dr. Saxena: Asad why is it that only your pen is half dead?

Asad: Sir, because it is also keeping Rozas.

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Sunil Mittal: Kedia, your call's come through.

Kedia (comb ked): Yaar tell them to wait. My hair is uncombed.

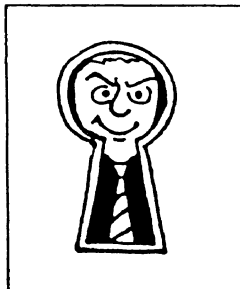
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Dr. Saxena to Siddharth Agarwal: Hey Man, Tony! What's your weight?

Siddharth : Sir, 90 kgs.

Dr. S : That means Shakti Agarwal is your past and you are his future.

(Shakti Agarwal of Class VIII weighs 66 kgs.)



Mid term break: The party at Barkot, trying to be adventurous, goes to Hanuman Chatti. As expected, it is bitterly cold. The boys shiver, stamp their feet to keep the blood circulating, and frantically look for some warmth. In desperation, Saurabh Sinha (class VIII) pleads with the escort: "Please Ma'am take my life but take me back to Barkot."

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What did the Welhamite tell the Bearerji - "Give me Bread!"

What did he bearerji tell the student?
"R - ICE R - ICE Baby."

. . .

Welham Now !!!

1. An English Essay-writing contest was held on the 4th of April. The results will be announced later.
 2. A basketball match was played on the 4th of April against R.I.M.C. on our courts. We won it. However we lost a Hockey match against R.I.M.C. on their ground.
 3. The swimming season has finally get off after considerable delay due to an acute water shortage.
 4. A Hindi play 'Andhere ke Rahi' was held at the Doon School on 2nd of this month.
 5. Mr. B.S. Agarwal has joined school as a biology teacher in the senior school. We hope that he has a sucessful and a happy stay here.
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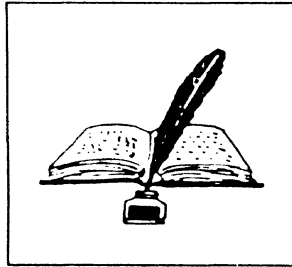
The Literary Affairs of Welham

The Clever Prince

Once upon a time there was a king and queen. They lived happily in their palace. One day a magician came to the palace. He said, "When your child becomes twelve years old you must give him to me."

But the king said, "I don't have any children." The magician said, "You eat this apple and you will have a child." The queen soon had a beautiful son. The king and the queen were very happy. After thirteen years the same magician came to the palace.

He said, "Where is the prince?"



The king and the queen were very sad when the magician took away their son. The magician took the prince to the forest and said, "Kneel down on the ground." But the prince said, "I don't know how to kneel."

After some time the prince said, "Can you show me how to do that?" The magician knelt down to show him. The clever prince quickly took out his sword and cut off the magician's head. Then he returned home safely. How happy the king and queen were when they saw their precious son.

- Bisharad Shah
Class III A

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In ode to the free-school-haven

✓ Hey, Guys! Now we've got it made
During the long afternoons of summer
A magazine or vague book under our noses
In that cushion corner and the cool shade
Looking serious and in studious poses
We can let our consciousness fade!

Guys were saying it's going to be easy
And you no more have to be choosy
About what you want
And how much you tear
Whether it's a new mag
A picture of a hag
The latest Honda car
Or a sizzling movie star
You can take your time and pick
Between a UNO speech and a groovy chick
It could be the latest TIME
Colourless birds in the oil's slick and slime
Environment as the subject of debate
Stale as yesterday's tikkis we ate
We can now REALLY utilize the space
Curl up and disappear without a trace
Maybe only upstairs
We can gossip in pairs
Stretch out our legs on vacant chairs.

And when we are tired of that
No problem! Cool as a cat
Saunter down and take the keys

to the AV room our favourite place
No more having to make a case
As to which movie you want to see
Can it be classified as entertainment or Education ?
Those movements and gyrations
Of Pooja Bady and Samantha Fox
On stage with her goldy locks ?
Come on, Guys lets just say
We want Newstrack and pray
Nobody catches us watching Police Academy !
That had us with bellies aching
and had to make a 'job faking'
That we were 'Learning'!

Now isn't that what the place is all about ?
and instead of telling us - Dont do this
and - dont do that !
They should be telling us to 'freak out !'
It does say somewhere
Learning is a creative process
Cannot happen without feeling free
But these guys think - Fear is the key
To keep us all tied down under control
Not allow us to stroll
Where the grass is greener
and so what if that area is out of bounds
! cant stop myself, man !
I have to explore those sounds
Coming from across the wall
'wow ! pretty ! I wish I could just call
and have a chat
with that pretty one, though a little fat

Hey, Guys! Do you know which class?
Is she a Twelfth, do you think I should make a pass?
Or wait for the Joint Production
and a decent introduction?
But that may be too late
To state my case..
Do you think I have a decent face?
Or should I resort to the razor
Look clean and phase her?"

But all this is to no avail
As many leave a tragic tale
Of emotional depression and woes
- If only it wasn't for their smelly toes!
They might have had a wicked date
Instead of such a lousy fate
To return to the dining hall plate

And that free-school-haven
Their stories to relate
On sheets of paper pinned for comment
Using spicy slang to lament.
We all know it takes two hands to clap
One hand that does the sleeping and tearing
Of colourful page and book flap
Another that seems to be saying
~ Yehi Hai Wrong Choice Baby! "

(The 'Baby' has to be said right. Check with Arjun Sahya how to say it.). With that longish tale, I say - Goodbye, Welkams. It's been most educating being with you.

Vishwas

RINGSIDE VIEW

The start was rather unimpressive but in the end it was a satisfying experience for the senior Hockey team which played its first match of the season against RIMC. The latter certainly had an edge with its professional approach. Its accurate passing game and schemed moves through the middle completely overwhelmed the Welhamites who were not sound in basic techniques like passing and shooting.



Rimcolians dominated the first half. Sandeep Agnihotri made a couple of good stops to keep the score level. RIMC forwards constantly pressurised the defence and an intentional foul by Munish resulted in a penalty which was converted by them. Welhamites went all out to even the score but the Rimcolians continued the good show and struck again through a penalty corner to win the match. The final score, 2-0.

Welhams played RIMC again but this time it was different. The captain had got back his rhythm and pace his team so desperately required and the defence had organised itself. In the 15th minute of the first half Welhams struck through Sharib. After being given a through pass, Sharib dribbled past two defenders and the goalkeeper before sounding the board. At half time Welhams led 1-0. In the second half RIMC valiantly fought back and leveled the score. An excellent goal by Harjyot, due to disorganised defence, took the steam out of the Rimcolians.

Welhams then scored for the third time with a sharp counterattack. Sharib once again made use of a long through pass by Vikrant. With a great burst of speed Sharib beat the lone defender and went towards the left of the box. He drew the goal keeper out before placing the ball in. The fourth goal for Welhams was scored by Vikrant Lamba. The final score was 4-1 (Sharib -2, Harjyot -1, Vikrant -1)

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In Basketball it was a memorable outing for the Welhamites at the RIMC courts. The team which played without its captain, who was injured in a practice session, and two prominent players, did lack some punch, but it was good enough to establish its supremacy over the Rimcolians. The opponents huffed and puffed. In the absence of the captain, Dharmendra Gill took command of the match. His superb dribbling and possession of the ball proved fatal for the opponents. Lavish Sharma and Saurabh Paliwal kept the scoreboard moving. Paliwal surprised his rivals with long rangers time and again. Welhams registered an easy victory, 47-36.

- Harjyot Singh

हिन्दी अनुभाग

शोर, दण्ड, मरोड़ विद्यार्थी ।

शीर्षक पढ़ते ही आप असमंजस में पड़ गए होंगे कि शोर, दण्ड, मरोड़ विद्यार्थी आखिर किस बला का नाम है । "इस स्कूल में तो ऐसा कुछ नहीं है । जरूर ये किसी गुरुकुल या आश्रम की बात कर रहा होगा" । शायद यही ख्याल आपके मन में आया होगा । लेकिन अफसोस

आपका ख्याल गलत है । मैं, हमारे स्कूल "वैलहम ब्याज स्कूल" की ही बात कर रहा हूँ और ये अजीबो गरीब छात्र और कोई नहीं हमारे स्कूल के सर्वोपरि छात्र 'prefects' हैं ।

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अब आप जरा पीछे बैठ कर यह समझने की कोशिश कर रहे होंगे कि आखिर ये नाम इन्हें क्यों दिया गया है? आपकी सभी शंकाएं दूर करने के लिए मैं इस विशेष छात्र को परिभाषित करता हूँ। ये छात्र सर्वचयनित होते हैं और इनका काम स्कूल के अनुशासन को बनाए रखना है। इस इयूटी को पूरा करने के लिए इनका प्रथम दांव है शोर मचाना और लड़कों के कान खाना। अगर ये दांव कार्य पूरा करने में असफल रहता है तो अगला दांव दण्ड देना और दण्ड देकर छात्रों की हड्डियों को मरोड़ देना।

इन विद्यार्थियों की पहचान करना कोई मुश्किल काम नहीं है। जिस स्थान पर कोई अपना गला फाड़ रहा हो और भाषण दे रहा हो तो आपका निशाना वहीं है। अगर स्कूल के किसी कोने में कुछ छात्र बे समय और अनमने से कसरत कर रहे हैं, तो आपका निशाना वहीं कहीं टांगे फैलाए या चौकड़ी मारे बैठा होगा।

इनके कारनामों की व्याख्या करने में उतना मजा नहीं है जितना, उन्हें झेलने में है। मनुष्य में एक प्राकृतिक आदत है कि जिस तरफ उसे जाने से रोका जाएगा तो उसी तरफ जाने की उसकी जिज्ञासा रहेगी। यही आदत वेल्हमाइंट्स में जन्मजात स्थित है और इसी आदत को स्कूल में नाम दिया गया है 'पंगे' स्कूल के नियम जानते हुए भी कुछ लड़के उनका उल्लंघन करते हैं। हमारे १०६०० विद्यार्थी इनको 'स्टड' करार दे देते हैं। फिर सब के सामने मंच पर बुलाकर, एक-एक १०६०० विद्यार्थी उस 'स्टड' टिप्पणी देता है, उसे झकड़ोरता है जैसे किसी नौटंकी में रमालीला चल रही है और राम, लक्ष्मण, भरता आदि बारी-बारी से मंच पर आगे आकर अपने डायलॉग बोलते हैं।

इनका मनपसन्द डायलॉग "Report to me at" है। ये डायलॉग तो बस इनकी जुबान पर ही रहता है। अगर "Report" दोपहर में या शाम को करना है तो ये

१०६०० विद्यार्थी अच्छा रगड़ा देते हैं, लेकिन अगर सुबह करना हो तो एक वेल्हमाइंट दूसरे की नब्ज अच्छी तरह पहचानता है। उसे मालूम होता है कि उठ पाना तो जैसे उनके लिए पहाड़ खोदना होता है। वह अपना घड़ी पीछे घुमाकर, छः के पांच बजा कर उसे रिपोर्ट कर देते हैं। इसके बाद मुंह से सिर्फ दो शब्द निकलते हैं 'पुश-अप पोजीशन' और इसके आगे देखना उनके बस की बात नहीं है चाहे लड़के धुटने टेककर जमीन पर सो रहे हों।

लड़के से कुछ उगलवाने के लिए ये पेंतरा मारना भी जानते हैं। उसे अलग कर उसे तरह-तरह की धमकियां देकर उस पर दबाव डालते हैं। लेकिन जो इनकी नब्ज पहचानते हैं कुछ नहीं बोलते और इस पर ये १०६०० विद्यार्थी हारे हुए पूरी क्लास या ग्रुप को 'Report' करने को कहते हैं।

कहने को तो मैं इन्हें आलसी बताने की कोशिश कर रहा हूँ। लेकिन जब ये अपनी गद्दी के नवीन धारक होते हैं तब इनका हर काम सही समय पर होता है। सुबह १०:०० के लिए कम से कम तीन-चार prefects तो रोज मैदान में आ ही जाते हैं। "मनुष्य, जब काम होता है तो कोसता है, नहीं होता है तो आलोचना करता है।" तब वेल्हमाइंट्स कहते हैं 'नए बने हैं, नया जोश है ठंडा पड़ जाएगा।"

कुछ भी कहो जब तक इन विशेष छात्रों के शोर, दण्ड, मरोड़ का भोग नहीं हो जाता तो उस दिन का खाना नहीं पचता। "ये हमारी सेहत और तन्दुरुस्तती का कितना खयाल रखते हैं"। ऐसी है हमारी बारह सदस्यों की शोर, दण्ड, मरोड़ विद्यार्थियों की टोली।

विजय विश्नोई

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EDITORIAL BOARD

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